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St. Patrick at Tara; cantata.



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ST. PATRICK

AT TARA.

Cantata

BY

J. W. GLOVER,

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR PATRICK.

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PREFACE.

THE production of a Choral Cantata on “The Introduction of Christianity into Ireland” had been long since a favourite idea of mine ; but, at the same time, thinking that its popularity would be exclusively confined to the country where the greatest interest in the subject lay, I considered it a hazardous undertaking on the part of the publisher. Notwithstanding this, I was induced to undertake the composition for two reasons—firstly, it had this advantage, that there being no other competitor in the field, I might to a certain extent be on safe ground ; secondly, that if there was any drawback in a musical point of view, I should be likely to have at least the good will and sympathy of all well-wishers to Ireland in my efforts to produce the first large choral work ever composed on an Irish subject.

I have since had the gratification of knowing that my original surmise as to its exclusive popularity was not correct, and that the interest in the subject is not confined to any particular nationality ; for, although the incidents belong to Ireland and the advent of her Patron Saint, nevertheless, when the Cantata was performed in London, its subject had sufficient interest to attract the favour of the British public far beyond my highest expectations.

The incidents are confined to the early part of the fifth century, when St. Patrick and his followers arrived at the then classic region of Tara—the Royal Halls being filled with “chiefs and ladies bright,” assembled to celebrate the pagan festival of Bealtina. An account of this remarkable coincidence may be found in any history of the period. The poetic selections are from the works of Ossian, Moore, Clarence Mangan, and others, whose genius has shed a lustre on the literature of Ireland.

The Cantata has been printed uniform with my edition of Moore’s Irish Melodies, published by Messrs. Duffy and Co., Dublin ; as this book from its

convenient size and elegant design was much approved of, the same form will be retained in the bound edition of the present work.

In now submitting the work to the public, may I venture to express a hope that it will serve as one more link in that mysterious "heart's chain" which unites our countrymen in all parts of the world to the land of their birth ; and that wherever it may be performed, it will bring back the thoughts from everyday life to the most interesting period of their country's history, when the light of Christianity first dawned on

"The lovely land of Innisfail."

DUBLIN,
15th *September*, 1872.

ARGUMENT.

The introduction of Christianity into Ireland in the fifth century being the subject of this Cantata, the incidents are confined to the most remarkable event of that period—the visit of St. Patrick, with a few Christian followers, to the then classic region of Tara, the residence of the kings of Ireland, and the immediate conversion to Christianity of the people on that occasion, and ultimately of the entire inhabitants of the island. These events, which foreshadowed such glorious results to the whole Irish race, occurred towards the end of the year 432, during the celebration of the great Bealtina Festival of the Pagan Irish in the Royal Palace of Tara. The Druidical laws ordained that no fire should be lighted in the whole country till the *great fire* flamed up from the royal hill of Tara; but it so happened that St. Patrick's Paschal light was seen from the King's Palace. Indignant at what he conceived to be a violation of the law, the king and his courtiers set out to question the offenders, and the Apostle was then ordered to appear in the royal presence to give an account of his proceedings.—Prophecy that the Christian faith then introduced “shall shine for ever in this land.”—Patrick's introduction to the royal presence.

PRAYER OF ST. PATRICK.

Miraculous conversion of the King's daughters, and eventually of the assembled princes, nobles, &c.—Rejoicings at the introduction of Christianity into Erin, on hearing the first peal of bells calling to Christian prayer.

“Holy chimes of Christian faith and love—
Chimes as heard in heav'n above,
Call forth to Christian prayer.”

ST. PATRICK AT TARA.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

No. 2.—CHORUS OF BARDS IN THE ROYAL PALACE OF TARA

Raise, O Bards, the voice of song, this day a solemn festival!
Rise, O Sun! O rivers roll in joy! O hills! and mountain
deities. The spring-time advances when all assemble here to
greet our mountain deities. Raise the song, O Bards, in Tara's
royal hall! Send round the shells of joy in the merry spring-
time. Raise the song, O Bards, raise the voice of song!

No. 3.

ARIA.

I often wish this trembling lyre—
This warbler of my soul's desire—
Would raise the breath of song sublime
To heroes bold of former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die.
Then fare thee well, seductive strain,
Henceforth I follow glory's theme,
From thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part.

No. 4.

CHORUS.

Strike the lyre, raise the song to theme sublime, this day a
solemn festival, &c.

No. 5.

RECITATIVE—*King.*

This day of joy, when all people join to proclaim aloud the
festival of Bealtina, we enjoin that all our ancient laws and
customs be observed; and, above all, that during this, our
royal festival, no lights or any fire be seen except on this our
hill of Tara and in our royal palace, where kings, princes, and
people assemble to give all due honour to the proper celebration
of our feast of Tara.

ARIA.

Give me that strain of mournful touch
I used to love long, long ago,
Before this heart had known as much
As now, alas! it bleeds to know.
Sweet notes they tell of former peace,
Of all that looked so smiling then,
Now vanished, lost—O pray thee cease!
I cannot bear those sounds again.

No. 6.

MADRIGAL.

Ye heroes bold and ladies fair—
Who grace this happy meeting;
We thank ye for your friendly care,
And sing ye songs of greeting.
For whom should we compose the lay,
But those who listen while we play;
To whom in song repeat our care,
But those who in our sorrow share;
For whom should we the garlands make,
But those who wear them for our sake.

No. 7.

DUET—*Ethnea and Fethlema, with chorus.*

Strike the lightly-trembling lyre, and raise the song sublime!
Rest, O Sun, in thy shadowy cave! Sing on, and strike the
trembling lyre! To-night we feast in the halls—to-morrow
we break the spear. Death hovers o'er our land; the sons
of the stranger come o'er our land; the sons of the stranger
come o'er the darkly rolling wave.

CHORUS.

Let each have on his helm, and grasp the sword of his father.
The voices of echoing Erin awake the shout of victory!

CHORALE.

Our foes shall fall as the grass, and the sword shall defend
the brave. The sons of our fathers have fallen as the grass;
they are laid by the lowly vale of streams.

Strike the lightly-trembling lyre, &c.

No. 8.

SHALLA NA RINKA—*Hunting Song—Instrumental.*

No. 9.

Failthe or Greeting of Hunter's (Chorus.)

Hunters returning—we greet, we invite thee.
Thy chase has been weary and cold the night.

Tenori, Bassi.

Hunters returning we greet thee at Tara.
And sing *Caed mille failthe*
A loud *Caed mille failthe* weel sing thee now.

No. 10.

Entry of the Hunters.

ANCIENT IRISH MELODY (INTRODUCED.)

Song of Innisfail.

They came from a land beyond the sea, and now o'er the
western main
Set sail in their good ships, gallantly, from the sunny land of
Spain,
“Oh, where's the isle we've seen in dreams, our destined
home or grave?”
Thus sang they, as by the morning's beams, they swept the
Atlantic wave.
And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines a sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines, whose light through
the wave was seen
“'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!” rings o'er the echoing sea;
While bending to Heaven, the warriors hail that home of the
brave and free.

No. 11.

Chorus of Druids.

O! lovely land of Innisfail—thy heroes fall on Cromla's plain.
Darkness abides in Selma's hall dark rolling thunders nightly
fall:
Thy sons are slain, thy heroes fall, O! lovely land of Innisfail

No. 12.

QUARTET.

Why awake, O! bard of Selma,
Painful memories that are fled;
Fate forbids the sons of Erin,
To mourn the dead.

The helmet of kings is now before us!
Strike again the harp of Selma,
 Shall Erin's spear be e'er renowned,
When all here are lowly laid;
 O friendly spirit of our fathers,
 Soon we'll meet thee in the shades—
 In the mansions of the dead.

Why awake of Bard, &c.

No. 13.

RECITATIVE—*Soprani, Alt.*

Why, O Sun, hast thou left thy course in the sky—say,
 golden-haired son of the sky! The west has opened its gates—
 thy bed of repose is there.

Tenori, Bassi.

The waves come to behold thy beauty; they lift their
 trembling heads. Oh, rest in thy shadowy cave, O Sun, and
 let thy return be joy!

No. 14.

CHORALE.

Oh, let a thousand lights arise to the sound of the harps of Selma!
 Crona's strife is past, like sounds that are no more.
 Strike, strike the harp, and let the song be heard!
 Oh, let a thousand lights arise to the sound of the harps of Selma!

To Spain's Milesian hosts, who came with whitening sail
 O'er the western wave—they land at Innisfail,
 Strike the harp in foreign strain—
 Legends bold of sunny Spain.

SPANISH LEGEND OF ALHAMO.

THE knight laid his head upon dark Alhamò,
 Soft slumbers his senses beguiling;
 Fatigue press'd its seal on his eyelids, when lo!
 Two maidens drew near to him smiling.
 "Arise! thou young gallant, arise!
 And dance with us now and for ever,
 My damsels with music thine ear shall surprise,
 And sweeter music a mortal heard, never!
 Oh we'll teach thee to draw the pale moon from her sphere,
 If thou wilt partake of our pleasure;
 We'll teach thee the mystic rhyme, sweet to our ear,
 We'll show thee the faries' treasure.

"Now hear us thou gallant young warrior, hear!
 If still thou disdain'st what we proffer,
 With dagger and knife from thy breast will we tear
 Thy heart, which refuses our offer."
 Oh! glad was the knight, when he heard the cock crow!
 His enemies trembled—and left him;
 Else must he have stay'd upon dark Alhamò,
 Whose magic spell of life had bereft him.
 He hears now the music of bright chanticleer,
 He hears now the music of bright chanticleer
 Beware, then, ye warriors returning by night,
 Beware when young faries come smiling,
 Beware how you slumber on Alhamò's height,
 Beware of those witches beguiling.

*Chorus of Christians at a distance, who are celebrating the Easter
 solemnities on the hill of Slane.*

Ab omni malo, libera nos, Domine.

CHORUS OF WARRIORS.

What sounds are those we hear? Do foes assail us?
 Strangers here!—On to the king! They come from the land
 of the stranger—a thousand foes around! Let each have on
 his helm and grasp the sword of his father. The voices of
 echoing Erin awake the shout of victory, &c.

No. 15.

WAR SONG AND CHORUS—*Warrior's True and Brave.*

Warrior's brave and valiant in the tempests of war,
Be like the storms that meet us—be like the foes that greet us!
Now let's move, move in strength, move in strength and glory!
CHOS.—Lead us on—then shall the mighty tremble—then
shall the mighty fall!

SOLO—With strength of old, as hero's bold!
We'll grasp the sword of Tara!

CHOS.—The pride of king's—hero's hold!
To smite the foes of Tara.

SOLO—I hear—I hear—I hear—the tramp of
CHOS. We hear, &c.

Warlike steeds and warriors rattling arms!

I hear—we hear—the clang of shields and bucklers,
wending o'er the plain!

CHOS—*Lead us on—lead us to victory!*

SOLO—To arms!—to arms—to arms!

I hear the warlike steeds and warriors rattling arms!

I hear the clang of shields and bucklers wending o'er
the plain!

CHOS—On to battle—sound the warlike trumpet!

On to conquest—bravely fight or—nobly die!

Christians at a distance.

Propitius esto, parce nobis Domini.

No. 17.

RECITATIVE—*King.*

What sounds are those I hear? And, again, what lights are
those which on Slane's high hill are burning, against the law
and against our ancient customs? Let those offenders be
brought before us; for it is ordained that no light, no fire,
shall in this kingdom burn but such as are used at Tara.

No. 18.

RECITATIVE—*Dufa.*

Those lights, O King, are used by the stranger Christians
to celebrate their Easter festival, and their great Apostle has
predicted that those lights SHALL SHINE FOR ALL ETERNITY
IN THIS OUR NATIVE LAND.

AN INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.

No. 19.—*King.*

Let our heralds go forth, and with all gentleness ask these
strangers to appear before us.

No. 20.

MARCH OF THE HERALDS.

No. 21.

CHORALE—*Heralds.*

Kings have sent to greet thee,
Festal halls invite thee—

Princes come to meet thee at our royal festival.

Clouds of night come rolling,

Distant winds are roaring,

The King, our father, waits for thee at Tara.

No. 22.

St. Patrick.

Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, blot out my iniquities,
for I have done evil before thee. Take not thy Holy Spirit
from me. I will sing to thee, O Lord! I will sing thy praise
among the nations.

No. 23.

RECITATIVE—*Soprano.*

And when the great Apostle came to the royal palace, all
the people looked anxiously on him, and the King said:

No. 24.

RECITATIVE—*King.*

Who art thou, and whence comest thou, and why hast thou come to disturb our royal feast? Know you not that during this feast of Bealtina no lights of any kind should be exhibited but those used in the royal halls?

No. 25.

RECITATIVE—*St. Patrick.*

O King, we are come from afar, across the sea, through raging tempests, but prompted by the Holy Spirit to plant with all due faith and true humility the Gospel of Christ. Oh, should you hear his voice to-day, harden not your hearts; hearken to the voice of the Holy Spirit. Great multitudes have already flocked to the standard of Christ.

Can this be so, without our special knowledge?

St. Patrick.

Men! brethren of this Western Isle, hearken unto me, who humbly now proclaim the voice of the Holy Spirit. O Princes of Erin! follow not your idols, but forsake them; turn to the true and living God in three divine Persons—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

People.

How say you? Shall we bend the knee to three gods?

No. 26.

St. Patrick.

(Taking a Shamrock in his hand).

Princes and People, look at this lowly flower—meek emblem of God's holy Trinity. Here in this Triple Leaf, this simple flower of Erin—the SHAMROCK—with its stem and triple leaf, emblem of the UNITY AND TRINITY OF GOD!

No. 27.

Prayer of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick.

At Tara to-day, at this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to God who reigneth in power—
God of the elements, Father and Son,
And, with the Spirit Paraclete,
Ever-existing Trinity!

King's Daughters and Princes assembled.

Who is God, and what His nature? Where is His dwelling-place—or in the hills, or mountains, or in the heavenly vales.

Princes and People.

Declare unto us where is His habitation—in the heavens, or earth, or in the stormy sea?

St. Patrick.

He hath His habitation in the heavens.

All.

He hath His habitations in the heavens.

St. Patrick.

His life of toil and affliction,
His death and crucifixion,
His burial sacred, sad, and lone
His glorious resurrection;
And last of all His future dread
And terrible coming to judgment.

N.B. The Prayer is 1250 years old, and was translated from the original M.S. in Trinity College, Dublin.

Princess and People.

Teach us how we may believe
In God our heavenly King;
Oh, show us how we may adore Him—
Our Father in heaven!

St. Patrick.

Believe ye in the Unity and Trinity of God?

All.

We believe in the Unity and Trinity of God.

CHORUS. At Tara to-day, &c.

No. 28.—RECITATIVE—*Soprano.*

And they were baptized, and the multitude gave thanksgiving to God, and the Christian faith was planted in our land.

No. 29.—CHORALE.

Praise be to God! his holy faith,
Light of Christianity,

Now beams upon us in this land—
Oh, praise to God for evermore!

No. 30.—CHORUS.

'Midst holy beams of faith and love,
Breathe our prayers to Heaven above,
Oh, praise the Lord for evermore!

BELLS—Calling to Christian Prayer.

CHORALE.

Holy chimes of Christian faith and love,
Holy chimes as heard in Heaven above,
Peal forth our call to Christian prayer!

CHORUS.

Oh, praise the Lord for evermore!
Oh, praise His holy name for evermore!



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PROFESSOR GLOVER'S CANTATA,
ST. PATRICK AT TARA,

Dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR PATRICK.

OPINIONS OF THE LONDON PRESS.

From the "London Tablet," 4th June, 1870.

On Monday evening, at the Antient Concert hall, a Cantata by Professor Glover, having for its theme "The Introduction of Christianity into Ireland," was produced for the first time for the benefit of the funds of Mercer's Hospital. The subject chosen is perhaps the grandest and most soul-stirring that could inspire an author's genius, and right well has Professor Glover fulfilled his task. The incidents selected are taken from the life of St. Patrick, as compiled from ancient Irish manuscripts. The Feast of Bealtina had arrived, and the usual edict was issued by the King that no fire should be seen during the festival except in the royal palace. St. Patrick, who had but recently arrived in the country, was, with his followers, worshipping the true God on the neighbouring hill of Slane; and the lights used by him being seen from the palace, the Saint was summoned into the King's presence, where he preached the gospel with an effect that has never yet lost its influence. The opening chorus of Bards in the royal palace at Tara is grand in conception and execution; written in the Doric mode, it conveys a most perfect impression of the period and presumed accessories. A pardonable anachronism is the introduction, with charming effect, of the "Harp that once through Tara's Halls," which dreamily incorporates itself with the chorus, swelling out majestically to fade away and become imperceptibly lost in the surrounding crash of music. The aria, "I often wish this trembling lyre," the touching plaint of the bard Dufa, who subsequently becomes a Christian bishop, is an exquisite bit of melody, delightfully sung by Mr. Hemsley, with an appropriate harp accompaniment, which was charmingly rendered by Miss Emilie Glover. The next aria, "Give me that strain of mournful touch," the song of the King, by Mr. Peel, was almost equally appreciated by a critical audience. The "March of the Herald's" is original and excellent, the *pizzicato* accompaniment of the violins having a novel and most pleasing effect. Here again the skilful mingling of the music of the march with the distant chant of the Christian worship is very beautiful, and the occasional bursting on the ear of the familiar Gregorian strain from the Litany of the Saints—"Ab omni malo, libera nos, Domine," is most solemn and effective. The portions of the piece, modestly called a Cantata, which enchain the attention of the audience most are the prayer of St. Patrick and his colloquy with the King. In parts it rises into classical magnificence, and was interpreted by Mr. Richard Smith, one of the vicars-choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in a manner above praise or criticism. The female characters, the daughters of the King, who were the first converts, were sustained by Miss Fennel and Miss Lina Glover, who sang with great taste and skilful execution the graceful music incidental to their several roles. Professor Glover may be well pleased with the reception accorded to the first production of his work, which is in every respect worthy of the land of faith and song.

From the "London Standard," 16th March, 1871.

At St. George's Hall, last evening, Professor Glover, assisted by Mdles. Lina and Emilie Glover Mdle. Liebhart, and a large number of eminent vocal and instrumental performers, gave a very interesting concert, under distinguished patronage, for the benefit of the French Benevolent Fund. The first part consisted of a Cantata entitled "St. Patrick at Tara," composed by Professor Glover, and given for the first time in England last night. The poem is simple enough, comprising only the first introduction of Christianity into Ireland by St. Patrick, the Patron Saint of the island. A scene representing the legendary Palace of Tara, the royal residences of Ireland's early kings, is all that the imagination is required to supply, in connexion with some very pleasing music of a unique and strongly national character. The Cantata is long, and includes too many numbers to notice in detail. Some

of the most striking are—a contralto song, with a charming obligato, “I often wish;” a good madrigal, “Ye heroes bold;” an ancient Irish hunting song and dance, “The Shallanarinka;” and a stirring war song, entitled “Warriors true.” There are several telling solos for the bass, and a number of well-written chorales, especially the two last, “Praise be to God” and “Holy Chimes.” The finale also is an exceedingly effective chorus, and concludes the Cantata with great spirit and interest. Mdlle. Lina Glover introduced an ancient Irish air with excellent effect; and a Heralds’ March was also a noticeable number. The singers were Mdlle. Lina Glover and Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Herr Carl Stepan, all of whom were greeted with cordial tokens of appreciation. Miss Emilie Glover delighted the audience with her excellent performance on the harp; and the orchestra was aided by the valuable services of Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), and Mr. Paque, the admirable violoncello player.

From the “London Observer,” 19th March, 1871.

This new Cantata was performed at St. George’s Hall last Wednesday, for the benefit of the French Benevolent Fund.

In this work we find at times well connected dramatic points, which blend several numbers into one unbroken and perfectly satisfactory effect. We allude in particular to the most dramatic part of the composition, when the Christians are heard in the distance, singing in unison a short sentence in the style of old Gregorian chants, celebrating, as the text book informs us, the Easter solemnities on the hill of Slane. This produces a peculiar contrast, perhaps not intended by the composer, as it immediately follows a chorus of the heathens, which is written in the style of a Protestant Chorale. In fact, the heathens sing chorale throughout when they become particularly solemn. The said contrast marks the point at which the dramatic part of the Cantata begins. A stirring and spirited war song follows the “Ab omni malo, libera nos, Domine,” of the Christians, for solo and chorus, after which “Propitius esto, parce nobis Domine,” being heard again in the distance, betrays to the heathens the presence of the Christians. Heralds are sent by the King to summon the strangers before him. Then we hear a quaint and characteristic march of the heralds, who deliver their message in a chorale, effectively written for alto, two tenor, and two bass voices. St. Patrick (Herr Stepan) introduces himself with an air for which the composer, as well as the singer, deserved the encore called for by the audience. The interview of St. Patrick with the King and his daughters is the most interesting part of the work. After King and Saint appear to have come to terms, the princesses and the people inquire with eager curiosity after the new God. The composition might be spoken of in more detail; let it suffice, however, that there is abundance of graceful melody in the different airs, and that these were well sung by Madames Lina Glover and Laura Baxter, and the gentlemen assisting. A madrigal, “Ye heroes bold and ladies fair,” and a quartet, “Why awake,” are good pieces of part-writing. Some of the choruses have fine motives.

From the “London Universe.”

The suitability of portions of the history of Ireland to music was pointed out by us on more than one occasion, and we observe with much pleasure that Professor Glover’s Cantata, “St. Patrick,” has met with success. This beautiful composition was performed the other evening for the first time in England, and was received with a hearty welcome. It formed the first part of a concert at St. George’s Hall for the benefit of the French refugees in London, and there was an appropriateness in this linking together of Ireland and France, the country which gave birth to St. Patrick. The earlier portion represents a pagan feast at the royal palace of Tara; and here the music is spirit-stirring and bold. As soon as St. Patrick makes his appearance the music becomes of a devotional character, and is solemnly impressive. A beautiful effect is produced near the close by church bells, followed by a sweet song—“Holy Chimes.” The harp (played by Miss Emilie Glover) made the concert additionally national, and the vocalists, Madame Baxter, Miss Lina Glover, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Herr Stepan were loudly applauded. Mr. Hargitt conducted with much skill, and the St. Cecilia Society sang the choral part with good effect. We note as a good omen this success in London of an Irish composer dealing with an Irish subject of such deep religious and national interest.

From the "London Morning Advertiser," 16th March, 1871.

The double attraction of an excellently-arranged concert for the benefit of the French Refugees' Benevolent Fund—under the distinguished patronage of such friends of art as the Comtesse de Paris, the Duchesse de Chartres, the Princess of Orleans, the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian, the Lord Mayor, and Archbishop Manning—and the first performance in England of Professor Glover's new Cantata, "St Patrick," drew together last night an appreciating audience which filled St. George's Hall. Mr. Glover's successful treatment of his subject—the introduction of Christianity into Ireland in the fifth century—has gained considerable popularity with the music-loving public of the sister country, and eminent musicians, as well as well-known amateurs, spoke highly of the merit of his work. Genuine and well-deserved applause from an English point of view has endorsed Hibernian opinion, and Mr. Glover may be fairly congratulated upon the production of an effective, graceful, expressive, and melodious contribution to modern music. The incidents of the Cantata are confined to the remarkable event of St. Patrick's visit, with a few Christian followers, to the then classic region of Tara, the residence of the Kings of Ireland, and the immediate conversion to Christianity of the people on that occasion, and ultimately of the entire inhabitants of the island. The events which foreshadowed such glorious results to the whole Irish race occurred towards the end of the year 432, during the celebration of the great Bealtina Festival of the Pagan Irish in the Royal Palace of Tara. The Druidical laws ordained that no fire should be lighted in the whole country till the great fire flamed up from the royal hill of Tara; but it so happened that St. Patrick's Paschal light was seen from the King's palace. Indignant at what he conceived to be a violation of the law, the King and his courtiers set out to question the offenders, and the Apostle was then ordered to appear in the royal presence to give an account of his proceedings. There then comes the prophecy that the Christian faith shall shine for ever in this land; and we have St. Patrick's introduction to the royal presence, his prayer, and the miraculous conversion of the King's daughters, and eventually of the assembled princes and nobles, and the climax of rejoicings at the introduction of Christianity into Erin on hearing the first peal of bells calling to Christian prayer:

"Holy chimes of Christian faith and love,
Holy chimes as heard in heaven above,
Peal forth our call to Christian prayer!"

Taking as his leading *dramatis personæ*, Ethnea and Fethlema, the King's daughters—admirably interpreted by Mdle. Lina Glover, one of Professor Glover's daughters, and Madame Laura Baxter—the King of Tara, St. Patrick, and Dufa, a Christian bard (Miss E. Bailey), and starting with an overture of dramatic picturesqueness, Mr. Glover treats his theme with that dignity and solemnity so suitable to the many interesting incidents and situations of the episode. The music assigned to the King of Tara was in the earlier portion of the Cantata judiciously rendered by Mr. Vernon Rigby, and in the latter part by Mr. Kerr Gedge, more especially the recitatives, "This day of joy," "What sounds," and "Who art thou?" His fine tenor voice, too, told well in the pathetic quartet, "Why awake, O bard?" and in the war song, with chorus, "Warriors true." Carl Stepan did ample justice to St. Patrick's somewhat prominent position in the work. There was much breadth, vigour, grandeur, and sacred feeling in the aria as he gave it, "Lord, have mercy," while his interpretation of the accompanied recitative, "O King, I am come," of the aria, "Princes and people," and of his prayer, "At Tara to-day, at this awful hour," while they reflect infinite credit on the artist, must have proved highly gratifying to the composer. Herr Carl Stepan was in grand form, throwing his whole heart and soul into the declamatory passages, and repeated applause and encores rewarded his exertions. The solo, "I often wish"—with harp obligato by Miss Emilie Glover, an accomplished and skilful instrumentalist—afforded full scope for the display of Madame Baxter's carefully cultivated voice. Nor was she less effective in the soprano recitative, "When the great Apostle came to the royal palace," and "They were baptised;" while she contributed much to the undeniable success of the duet with chorus, "Strike the lightly-trembling lyre and raise the song sublime," and of the quartet, "Why awake, O bard," with Mdle. Lina Glover, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Herr Carl Stepan. Early in the Cantata Mdle. Lina Glover introduced as her first solo an ancient Irish melody, "The Song of Innisfail," every note of which told on the ear with marvellous accuracy, showing the highest cultivation in a sweet well-modulated voice, marked by freshness and naturally sympathetic. The melody was enthusiastically applauded and encored. There is about this gifted young lady, who is destined to occupy foremost rank in London musical circles, an artistic fervour which well becomes an artist of

her genius and culture. In the quartet already mentioned she well brought out the charms of her father's music, and two or three minor recitatives were given with unpretending effort. The composer's abilities were recognised not only by hearty applause throughout the performance, but by calls for his appearance on its conclusion. A miscellaneous concert followed. Miss Emilie Glover, who seems brimful of talent, proved herself quite as brilliant and accomplished a pianist as harpist. She played with extraordinary execution and exquisite delicacy of touch, Professor Glover's Concerto in A, with orchestral accompaniments arranged in three movements.

Let us express an ardent hope that another opportunity may soon be afforded of again hearing his highly creditable composition, "St. Patrick."

From the "Era," 19th March, 1871.

Professor Glover's new Cantata, entitled "St. Patrick at Tara," was produced for the first time in England at St. George's Hall on Wednesday last, under the distinguished patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Comtesse de Paris, the Duchess de Chartres, the Princess Marguerite of Orleans, and other royal and celebrated personages. The proceeds of the concert were devoted to the aid of the French Refugees' Benevolent Fund. The subject of the Cantata is the introduction of Christianity into Ireland in the fifth century, and the visit of St. Patrick and some of his Christian followers to Tara, the residence of the Kings of Ireland, the chief dramatic interest of the subject being the visit of the King and his chiefs to the saint, and their conversion to Christianity. One of the most happy movements of the whole was the madrigal "Ye heroes bold," a bit of the most delightful part-writing imaginable. It was encored, and repeated with increased effect. This madrigal alone would stamp Professor Glover as a musician of high attainments. It is melodious, fresh, and original in the extreme, equally pleasing to the cultivated musician or the amateur. We hope it may be published, for among our many musical societies it would be certainly very popular. The quartet also, "Why wake, O bard," is extremely well written and effective. There are some portions which reveal a most accomplished and thoughtful musician. Miss Lina Glover and Miss Emilie Glover (we presume daughters of the composer) must be complimented, the former for her really beautiful voice and unaffected style, the latter for her performance on the harp and piano.

From the "London Weekly Register," 18th May, 1871.

The first performance in London of Professor Glover's Cantata (which, as we learn, was received in Dublin with great enthusiasm) took place at St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, and was completely successful. The concert of which the Cantata formed a part was in aid of the funds of the French Refugees' Benevolent Fund, and we were much pleased to see that a large audience assembled on the occasion. The incidents of the Cantata are simple, consisting chiefly of the events which occurred at Tara at the time of the arrival of St. Patrick to preach Christianity. As our readers are, no doubt, acquainted with these events, we need not dwell upon them in detail. The King was represented by Mr. Vernon Rigby in the earlier part of the Cantata, and by Mr. Kerr Gedge in the latter portion. Herr Carl Stepan sang the music assigned to St. Patrick, while Madame Laura Baxter and Mademoiselle Lina Glover took the characters of the King's daughters. Miss Bailey as a bard had not much to do, but she did it well. Mademoiselle Emilie Glover was harpist, Monsieur Paque, principal violoncello; Mr. Viotti Collins, leader; Mr. C. J. Hargitt, conductor; and Mr. Archer presided at the organ. The chorus consisted chiefly of members of the Society of St. Cecilia. The overture, which contained many passages of considerable beauty, was received with evident satisfaction by the audience. The Cantata opened with a fine chorus, "Raise, O bards, the voice of song," followed by an exquisite solo for the contralto, "I often wish," which Madame Baxter (being skilfully accompanied on the harp by Mademoiselle Emilie Glover) sang with much sweetness. To the character of the King were allotted some charming songs and recitatives (tenor), amongst which "This day of joy," "Warriors true," "What sounds are those;" and "Who art thou?" seemed to give most satisfaction. Mademoiselle Lina Glover, in an ancient Irish melody, "The Song of Innisfail," gave evidence of the possession of a rich and well-cultivated voice (soprano), and the song was encored, as was also a sweet duet, "Strike the lightly-trembling lyre," sung by the same lady and Madame Baxter. Herr Carl Stepan (bass) delivered the bold and impressive

